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TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO POLITICIANS.

Democratic and Republican About Equal in Christian Virtues About This Time Every Year—A Political House Cleaning Needed.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 5.—In his sermon this forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage touched on a topic which is just now uppermost, while the agitation in political circles is raging in all parts of the land. The sermon is pertinent and useful, and is based on the text: Acts, xix:32. "Some therefore cried one thing and some another, for they knew not wherefore they were come together. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defense unto the people. But when they knew that he was a Jew all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!'"

Phesus was upside down. It was out the silver question. A manufacturer of silver boxes for holding images had called his laborers together to discuss the behavior of one Paul, who had been in public places a-snauling image worship, and consequently very much damaging that particular business. There was great excitement in the city. People stood in knots along the streets, violently gesticulating and calling each other hard names. Some of the people favored the policy of the silver smith; other people favored the policy of Paul. There were great moral questions involved; but these did not bother them at all. The only question about which they seemed to be interested was concerning the wages and the salaries positions. The silver-smith and his compeers had put up factories at great expense for the making of these silver boxes, and now, if this new policy is to be inaugurated, their business will go down, the laborers will be thrown out of employment, and the whole city will suffer. Well, what is to be done? "Call a convention," says some one; for in all ages a convention has been a panacea for public evils. The convention is called, and, as they want the largest room in the city, they take the theater. Having there assembled, they all want to get her worshipers, and they all want to talk at once. You know what excitement that always makes in a convention, where a great many people want to talk at once. Some cried one thing, some cried another. Some wanted to denounce, some wanted to resolve. After a while a prominent man gets the floor, and he begins to speak; but they very soon hiss him down, and then the confusion rises into worse uproar, and they begin to shout, all of them together, and they keep on until they are red in face and hoarse in the throat, for two long hours crying out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

The whole scene reminds me of the excitement we have almost every autumn at the elections. While that goddess Diana sits at her worshipers, our American people want to set up a god in place of it, and they want us all to bow down before it; and that god is political party. Considering our superior civilization, I have to declare to you that the Ephesian idolatry was less offensive in the sight of God than this all-abominable American partyism.

While there are honest men, true men, Christian men, who stand in both political parties, and who come into the autumnal elections resolving to serve their city or their state or the nation in the best possible way, I have noticed also that with many it is a mere contest between the ins and the outs—those who are trying to stay in and keep the other out, and those who are trying to get in and thrust the ins out. And one party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" neither of them honest enough to say, "Great is my pocketbook."

Once or twice a year it is my custom to talk to the people about public affairs from what I call a Christian standpoint. This morning I have chosen for that duty. I hope to say a practical word. History tells us of a sermon once preached amidst the Highlands of Scotland—a sermon two hours long—on the sin of luxury, where there were not more than three pairs of shoes in the audience; and during our last war a good man went into a hospital distributing tracts, and gave a tract on "The Sin of Dancing" to a man both of whose legs had been amputated! But I hope this morning to present an appropriate and adapted word, as next Tuesday, at the ballot box, great affairs are to be settled. Rev. Dr. Emmons, in the early history of our country, in Massachusetts, preached about the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency. Rev. Dr. Mayhew of Boston, in early days of our republic, preached about the repeal of the stamp act. There are times when ministers of Christ must look off upon public affairs and discuss them. We need go back to no example. Every man is, before God, responsible for his own duty. If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rocks, and the Siberian is pleased with his land of perpetual snow; if the Roman thought that the muddy Tiber was the favored river in the sight of heaven, and if the Laplander shivers out his eulogy of his native climate, and if the Chinese have pity for anybody born outside the "flowery kingdom," shall not we, born under these fair skies, and standing day by day amidst these glorious civil and religious liberties, be public spirited? I propose to tell the people very plainly what I consider to be their Christian duty at the ballot box.

First, set yourself against all political falsehood. The most monstrous lies ever told in this country are during the elections. I stop at the door of a democratic meeting and listen and hear that the republicans are liars. I stop at the door of a republican meeting and listen, and hear that the democrats are scoundrels. Our present microscope and the truth distorted. Who believes a tenth part of what he reads or hears in the autumnal elections? Men who at other seasons of the year are very careful in their speech become peddlers of scandal.

In the far east there is a place where, once a year, they let the people do as they please and say what they please, and the place is full of uproar, misrule and wickedness, and they call it "Election day." The nearest approximation to that in this country has been the first Tuesday in November. The community at such times seems to say, "Go to, now! let us have a good time at lying." Prominent candidates for office are denounced as unprincipled and renegade. A smart lie will start in the corner of a country newspaper, and keep on running until it has captured the printing presses of the whole continent. What garbling of speeches! What misrepresentation of motives! What misrepresentation of individual antecedents. The trouble is that we have in this country two great manufactures—manufactures of lies—the republican manufacture of lies and the democratic manufacture of lies—and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day all equipped and ready for full sailing. Lies raw and scented and spiced and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders and ready-wound bobbins. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a political campaign.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country. These men, I should think he would stand dazed, and dare not go out nights! What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is that many of them can not understand the English language. But I suppose the German, the Italian, and the Swedish and French papers translate it all, and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after a while. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade almost every autumn must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains from the one mountain intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and love and blessing rather than cursing. O, Christian men! frown upon political falsehood! Remember that a political lie is as black as any other kind of a lie. God has recorded all Italian and Swedish and French papers translate it all, and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

Again, I counsel you as Christian men to set yourselves against the misuse of money in the political campaign. Of the thousands of dollars already spent this autumn, how much of the amount do you suppose has been properly used? You have a right to spend money for the publishing of political tracts, for the establishment of organizations for the carrying out of what you consider to be the best; you have a right to appeal to the reason of men by arguments and statistics and by facts. Printing and renting of public halls and political meetings cost money, but he who puts a bribe into the hand of a voter, or plies weak men with mercenary and corrupt motives, commits a sin against God and the nation. Bribery is one of the most appalling sins of this country. God says, "Elisha! consume the tabernacles of bribery." Have nothing to do with such a sin, O Christian men! Fling it from the ballot box. Hand over to the police the man who attempts to tamper with your vote, and remember that elections that can not be carried without bribes ought never to be carried at all. Again I ask you as Christian men to set yourselves against the dissipation that hovers over the ballot box. Let me say that no man can afford to go into political life who is not a teetotaler. Hot political discussion somehow creates an unnatural thirst, and hundreds of thousands of men have gone down into drunkenness through political life. After an exciting canvass through the evening you must "take something," and rising in the morning with less animation than usual, you must "take something," and going off among your comrades through the forenoon, you meet political friends, and you must

"take something," and in the afternoon you meet other political friends, and you must "take something," and before night has come something has taken you. There are a few cases where men have been able to stand up against the dissipation of political life. Joseph was a politician, but he maintained his integrity. Daniel was a politician, but he was a teetotaler to the last. Abraham was a politician, but he was always characterized as the father of the faithful. Moses was a politician, the grandest of them; but he honored God more than he did the Pharaohs. And there are hundreds of Christian men now in the political parties, maintaining their integrity, even when they are obliged to stand amidst the basted, lecherous, and loathsome crew that sometimes surround the ballot box; these Christian men doing their political duty, and then coming back to the prayer-meetings and the Christian circles as pure as when they went out. But that is not the ordinary circumstance; that is the exception. How often you see men coming back from the political conflict, and their eye is glazed and their cheek has an unnatural flush, and they talk louder than they usually do, and at the least provocation they will bet, and you say they are convivial, or they are exceedingly vivacious, or you apply some other sweet name to them; but God knows they are drunk. Some of you a month or six weeks ago had no more religion than you ought to have, and after the elections are over, to calculate how much religion you have left will be a sum in vulgar fractions. Oh, the pressure is tremendous!

How many mighty intellects have gone down under the dissipation of politics! I think of one who came from the west. He was able to stand up against the whole American senate. God had given him faculties enough to govern a kingdom, or to frame a constitution. His voice was terrible to his country's enemies and a mighty inspiration in the day of national peril. But twenty glasses of strong drink a day were his usual allowance, and he went down into the habits of a confirmed inebriate. Alas for him! Though a costly monument has been reared over his resting place, the young men of this country shall not be denied the awful lesson that the agency by which the world was robbed of one of its mightiest intellects, and our country of one of its ablest constitutional defenders, was the dissipation of political life. You want to know who in an? Young man, ask your father when you get home. The adverse tide is fearful, and I warn you against it!

You need not go far off to find the worn-out politician. Here he is, stumbling along the highway, his limbs hardly able to hold him up. Bent over and pale with exhausting sickness. Surely to anybody who accosts him. His last decent article of apparel pawned for strong drink. Glad if, when going by a grocery, some low acquaintance invites him to take a sip of ale, and then wiping his lip with his greasy sleeve. Kicked off the steps by men who once were proud to be his constituents. Manhood obliterated. Lip blistered with a curse. Scars of brutal assault on cheek and brow. Foul mouthed. A coughing, staggering, wheezing wretch. No heaven. No God. No hope. No heaven. That is your worn-out politician. That is what some of you will become unless by this morning's warning, and the mercy of God, your steps are arrested. Oh, there are no words enough potent, enough powerful, enough consuming enough daring, to describe the horrible drunkenness that has rolled over this land, and that has bent down the necks of some of the mightiest intellects, until they have been compelled to drink out of the trough of bestiality and atonement! I warn young men against political life unless they are teetotalers and consecrated, Christian men.

Again, I counsel you that, when you go to the ballot box at the city or the state or the national elections, you recognize God, and appeal to him for his blessing. There is a power higher than the ballot box, than the gubernatorial chair, than the Presidential white house. It is high time that we put less confidence in political platforms and more confidence in God. See what a weak thing is human foresight. How little our wise men seem to know! See how, every autumn, thousands of men who are clamoring up for higher positions are turned under. God upset them. Every man, every party, every nation, has a mission to perform. Failing to perform it, down he goes.

God said to the House of Bourbon, "Remodel France, and establish equity." House of Bourbon would not do it. Down it went. God said to the House of Stuart, "Make the English people free, God-fearing, and happy." House of Stuart would not do it. Down it went. God says to the political parties in this day, "By the principles of Christianity remodel, govern, educate, save the people." Failing to do that, down they go, burying in their ruins their disciples and advocates. God can spare all the political intriguers of this day, and can raise up another generation who shall do justice and love mercy. If God could spare Luther before the Reformation was done; and if he could spare Washington before free government had been fully tested; and if he could spare Howard before more than one out of a thousand dungeons had been alleviated; and if he could spare Robert McCheyne just as Scotland was gathering to his burning altars; and if he could spare Thomas Clarkson while yet millions of his fellow-men had chains rusting to the bone—then he can spare any man, and he can spare any party. That man who, through cowardice or blind idolatry of party, forsakes the cause of righteousness, goes down, and the armed battalions of God march over him.

O, Christian men! take out your

voice this afternoon, and in the night of that word make up your mind as to what is your duty as citizens. Remember that the highest kind of a patriot is a Christian patriot. Consecrate yourselves first to God, then you will know how to consecrate yourselves to your country. All these political excitements will be gone. Ballot boxes and gubernatorial chairs and continents will smoke in the final conflagration; but those who love God and do their best shall come to lustrious dominion after the stars have ceased their shining and the ocean has heaved its last billow, and the closing thunder of the judgment day shall toll at the funeral of a world! Oh, prepare for that day! Next Tuesday questions of the state will be settled; but there comes a day when the questions of eternity will be decided. You may vote right, and get the victory at the ballot box, and yet suffer eternal defeat. After you have cast your last vote, where will you go to? In this country there are two parties. You belong to the one or the other of them. Likewise in eternity there will be two parties and only two. These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal. To which party will you belong? God grant that, while you look after the welfare of the land in which God has graciously cast your lot, you may not forget to look after your soul—blood bought, judgment bound, immortal! God save the people!

ROMAN LETTER-WRITER.

Plinius Was to the Ancients What Mrs. Carlyle Is to Our Time.

"Of all the men of his period—the celebrated age of Trajan—not only had a better opportunity of studying the varying phases of society at Rome than Pliny," writes Professor A. P. Montague, in the New Peterson.

"A favorite of the imperial Trajan—in many ways the knightliest figure that wore the Roman purple—and thus having ready access to court circles, an eminent lawyer, a popular orator, a shrewd man of business, an accomplished litterateur, a statesman whose words in the senate were ever heard with respect, a diplomat so well equipped that he was sent as legate to administer the troubled affairs of an important province, the associate of Tacitus, the greatest historian of antiquity; the mentor of many a struggling man of letters, the friend alike of scri and aristocrat—genial, warm-hearted, a little vain perhaps, very politic, always plausible, never malicious—this charming man furnishes in himself a study in politics and in society over which we would fain linger.

"Like Mrs. Carlyle, of our time, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, of an earlier day, he wrote delightful letters and very many of them, upon almost every subject from an account of a grave impeachment trial in the Roman senate to a note thanking a friend for a fat hen.

"Pliny, like many householders of our time, seems to have had trouble with servants, whom he indulged to the point of spoiling them all. He writes a letter to his esteemed mother-in-law, for whose governing capacity he appeared to have a wholesome respect, to pay him a visit at an early day, because he desired to entertain her and wished her to make those servants of his bestir themselves."

Reindeer in Alaska.

The stocking of Alaska with reindeer is a pronounced success, according to the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, United States general agent of education in Alaska. Of 170 reindeer brought to Alaska from Siberia last year but eleven died, while eighty-eight fawns were born, of which seventy-nine were living three weeks ago. The revenue steamer Bear made several trips across the straits last summer and transported thirty-seven more reindeer to Alaska. The purpose of the scheme is to furnish a reliable supply of food for the natives and also to establish the use of the deer for work purposes.

How They Used Butter.

Butter, which is absolutely indispensable to the meal nowadays, was formerly used solely as an ointment. Herodotus, a Greek historian, is the first writer who mentions butter, B. C. 500. The Spartans treated it very much the same as we do cold cream or vaseline, and Plutarch tells how a hostess was sickened at the sight of one of her visitors, a Spartan, who was saturated in butter. The Scythians introduced the article to the Greeks and the Germans showed the Romans how to make it. But the latter did not use it for food. They, like the Spartans, anointed their bodies with it.

The eviction of a local miller from the village of Kagle, Austria, resulted in a fight between the villagers and the police, in which four villagers were killed and five policemen were wounded.

John Nowak of St. Paul, Minn., who was partially paralyzed by the fall of a large chunk of ice from the Northwest Cordage company's building in that city, has been awarded \$28,000 damages.

A great benefit for the South Carolina storm sufferers was given in New York city. Digby Bell, Lillian Russell, Francis Wilson, Richard Mansfield and E. H. Sothern participated.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII.—NOV. 12.—THE GRACE OF LIBERALITY.

Golden Text: He Became Poor, That Ye Through His Poverty Might Be Rich—2 Cor. VII: 1-12.

Introductory.—At the great council at Jerusalem in A. D. 50, when the Gentiles were welcomed with the Jews into the Christian church, Paul promised to take up a collection among the Gentile churches for the poor saints at Jerusalem. Paul had been making this collection in Macedonia, in Greece, and in Asia Minor. The need of this collection arose from the great numbers of strangers at Jerusalem from all parts of the world, from the poverty of most of the converts, and from the turbulent and unsettled state of the people. The letter was written only twelve years before the destruction of Jerusalem. Agrippa II. was compelled to resort to artificial means, such as paving the streets of Jerusalem with white marble, to provide work and wages to the thousands of idle laborers. Christians, being regarded as renegades from the national faith may have found it particularly difficult to earn their living.—Peloubet.

I. Liberal Giving From Narrow Means—vers. 1-4. 1. "We do," make, "you to wit," to know. Old English for "cause you to know." "Of the grace of God," in making so liberal, so generous "the churches of Macedonia." The country north of Greece, to which belonged Thessalonica and Philippi, where probably Paul was writing.

"In a great trial of affliction." The severity of which may be gathered from the storm of opposition in which they rose into existence.—Schaff. "The abundance of their joy and their deep poverty." In spite of their troubles they displayed great joy, and in spite of their poverty they displayed great liberality. "The abundance of their joy . . . abounded unto the riches of their liberality." The joy of a new found salvation not only overpowered all sense of their deep poverty, but caused them to give liberally. "Liberality." The Greek word means "singleness of heart," and applied to giving, indicates the free giving that comes from such a heart.

3. "For to their power . . . they were willing of themselves." Voluntarily. They had not to be urged, nor waited to be asked.

4. "Praying us." Rev. Ver. "Beseeching us." They begged as a favor to be allowed to join the other churches in helping the brethren in Judea. There are none too poor to give something.

II. The Foundation of Liberality—vers. 5. "And this . . . not as we hoped." Far beyond anything they had dared hope for. "But first." Above all. "Gave their own selves to the Lord." Themselves and all they possessed was placed at the disposal of Christ. "And unto us." As those who represented the cause of the needy, and by whom their gifts, "by the will of God," who had made them the instruments, could reach those they wished to aid.

III. The Culture of Liberality—vers. 6, 7. 6. "Inasmuch that we desired Titus." Who had once before been sent by Paul to Corinth. "Would also finish in you." Titus was sent back to Corinth with the letter. "The same grace also." Of liberality.

7. "Therefore as ye abounded in everything." Paul loved to commend the disciples and say all the good he could of them. "Abound in this grace also." There is always great danger that some virtues will be neglected.

IV. The Test of Love—verse 8. "I speak not by commandment." I exert no authority as to what you should do. "But by occasion of the forwardness of others." Rev. Ver. better. Instead of command he used the example of others. "To prove the sincerity." The genuineness, the true nature. "Of your love." To God, to Christ, and to the principles of his kingdom.

V. The Example of Christ—vers. 9-12. 9. "For ye know the grace." The free undeserved favor. "Though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor." He not only became man, but a poor man. "That ye through his poverty." Only thus could he reach all men. "Might be rich." If he did so much for us at so great cost, how can we refrain from helping others.

10. "And herein do I give my advice." Not command. "For this is expedient." Rather, "profitable." "Who have begun before." The other churches. "A year ago." Under Titus. See ver. 6, and 9: 2. "But also to be forward." To be willing. Ready and wishing to give.

11. "Now therefore perform," complete, perfect, "the doing," on the ground that the principle on which they had acted was just as true now as it had been the year before.

12. "If there be first a willing mind." A disposition to give. "It is accepted." Rev. Ver., "acceptable." "According to that a man hath," etc. The acceptability of all our offerings depends not on the amount, but on the proportion which it bears to our means.

A CHILD'S KISS.

The Dying Bounty-Jumper Felt the Baby Come as an Angel of Mercy.

He was a bounty-jumper and had been shot down while trying to escape from the guard house. He was burly, big, fierce of look and rough of speech, and when they brought him into the hospital he cursed and raved in a way to make you chill. He had received a mortal wound, but death had no terrors for him. When the surgeon told him he must die within forty-eight hours he replied:

"Bah! What of it? The only favor I have to ask is that you keep snivelers away. I want no prayin' and singin' about me!"

He had been a wicked man. He boasted of it. He ridiculed the idea of a hereafter and cursed the bible and religion. Men and women came to speak with him, so that he might not die as a dog, but he mocked and cursed them. We who watched for the end saw the shadow of death when it fell. He realized that life was ebbing, but still he cursed and reviled. An hour before he died the wife of a wounded sergeant came in to visit her husband, says the Detroit Free Press. She brought with her a little fair-haired girl of 4 or 5 years old, and as she talked the child slipped away and wandered up and down the aisles to inspect the cots and their occupants. A score of us tried to coax her nearer, but she was coy and bashful. When she reached the cot where lay the bounty-jumper, the pallor of death on his face, but fighting the specter away, she paused and stared at him. When he saw her a smile flitted over his face and the fierce light died out of his eyes for the first time. He beckoned her to approach, and to our great surprise she hesitatingly advanced until she stood beside his cot. The mother rose up in alarm, but the nurse whispered to her not to call the child. "Is you sick?" queried the little one, as the man reached out his hand and touched the golden curls.

"Aye, child, I am dying," he whispered.

"And ain't you got nobody to speak to you?"

"I didn't want them."

"But you wanted me, didn't you?"

"Yes—God bless you!"

"Is you shof, just like papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"So so sorry. I guess I'll kiss you."

As her lips touched his cheek the death rattle in his throat frightened her, and she ran away to her mother.

The kiss was still warm when his eyes closed, his head fell back and he shivered and died.

"See the wonderful change in his face!" whispered a nurse.

Aye, it was wonderful! The hard lines had melted out and there was a smile hovering about his mouth. That savage expression which had intensified as the hours passed and the end came nearer had been kissed away by the little child. But for her he would have died cursing his God. Mayhap in the seconds between the kiss and dissolution he had asked for mercy.

Color Peculiarities of Frogs.

Frogs, whether blind or not, become dark green or black if they are kept in a dark vessel in a sparingly-lighted room, but when a larger branch with green leaves is introduced into the vessel, they all recover their bright green color, whether blind or not. In some way unknown the reflected green light acts either upon the nerves of the skin, or—what seems more probable, if Steinhach's experiments are taken into account—directly upon the pigment cells. Moreover, the sensations derived from the toes have also an influence upon the changes of color. When the bottom of the vessel is covered with a felt or with a thin wire net, the frogs also become black, recovering their green color when a green branch is introduced into the vessel.

A Long Boyhood.

Statistics are said to show that young men do not, on the average, attain full physical maturity until they arrive at the age of 28 years. Professor Scholler, of Harvard, asserts, as the result of observations, that young men do not attain to the full measure of their mental faculties before 25 years of age. A shrewd observer has said that "most men are boys until they are 30, and little boys until they are 25," and this accords with the standard of manhood, which was fixed at 30 among the ancient Hebrews and other races.

Color of Cats.

The color of cats are classified as follows: Black; black and white; black, fulvous and white, or tabby shell; white; fulvous and white; tabby; tabby, or boldly striped; colored, or blue; gray; slate; red, with long fur (Persian); and white fur (Angora).

The Noble Duchess and the Stays.

At the wedding of the Duke of Cornwall, a stout noble duchess, whose name is not given, had a very unusual misfortune to sneeze during the ceremony and thereby burst a stay. A shawl was thrown over her and she was taken to the vestry for repairs.